

August 2019

# The Outlandish Knight

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## Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "The Outlandish Knight" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 339.  
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# TRAVELLING TINKER.

I am a travelling tinker with my workshop on my back,  
I can mend your pots and kettles and all the holes I'll stop,  
I'm a razor grinder too, I've served seven years to my trade,  
So bring on your knives and scissors girls for at grinding I'm a blade.

## CHORUS.

With my nic, nic, knack, and my travelling tinker's shop,  
Bring out your pots and kettles girls and all the holes I'll stop.

I goes through many villiages and lots of trade I get,  
I eats and drinks whatever I likes, so gives no cause to fret,

I use the best of solder to earn a honest penny,  
So bring out your pots and kettles for my iron is always ready.

I have got a little wife who oft does rouse my ire,  
For she oft does blow me up when I'm blowing of my fire.

It's true we often quarrel but soon again get friends,  
And when we make it up again of course I grind again.

The other sunday morning a lady sent for me,  
Says she my kettle's leakey, I cannot make my tea,  
But as soon as I pulled out my tool, says she you've got the knack,

so I dipt it in some solder and I soon stop'd up the crack.

With my nic, nic, knack and my travelling tinker's shop,  
Bring out your pots and kettles and all the holes I'll stop.

# THE OUTLANDISH KNIGHT.

An outlandish knight he dreamed a dream,  
He beheld a most beautiful creature,  
No counsel he'd take, but a journey would make  
To England. to find this fair creature.

He travell'd afar and beheld her at last,  
Though many long weeks he had sought her,  
When he came to the door she stood on the floor,  
She was a poor labouring man's daughter

I never did see her but once in my life,  
That was in a dream I lay by ye,  
And since I have found her with watery eyes,  
I pray thee love do not deny me.

Deny you kind sir, pray what do you mean,  
That you are so afraid of denial,  
Although I am poor I'll not be your whore,  
So pray do not put me in trial.

He said here's a ring and a guinea of gold,  
Between us let it be broken,  
I pray do excuse me for being so bold,  
Love give me a kiss as a token.

A kiss sir is like a stone in a sling,  
Not fitting for any such token,  
So pray take your ring and money again,  
For between us it ne'er shall be broken.

If I should consent your bride for to be,  
Your parents would both be offended,  
Besides they would always be frowning on me,  
Because you are so highly decended.

As for father and mother I've none in this world,  
I've none but myself and a brother,  
And as to my friends they will not frown on me,  
So we can but love one another.

So now he has gain'd his joy and delight  
They're living in great joy and plenty,  
A labouring man's daughter has married a knight,  
Heaven protect them both together.